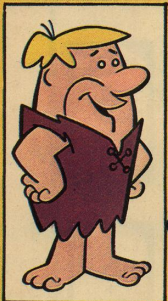




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The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS

# Barney & Betty

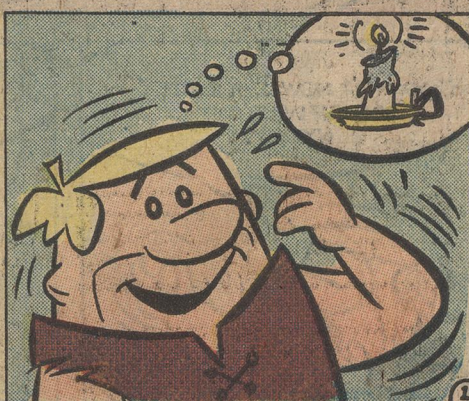
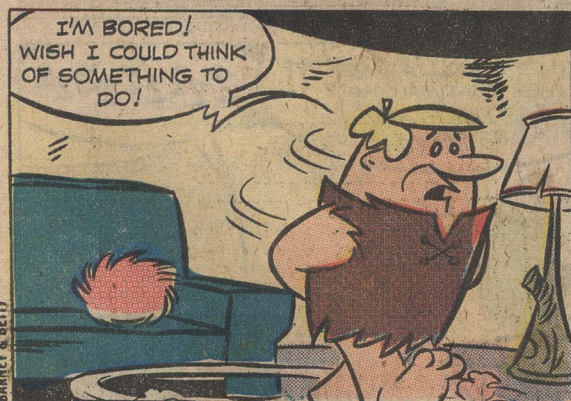
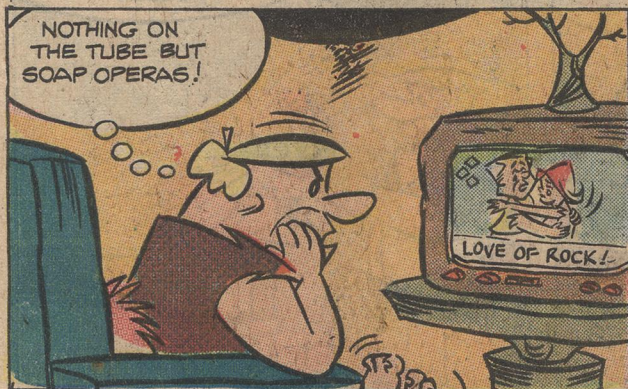
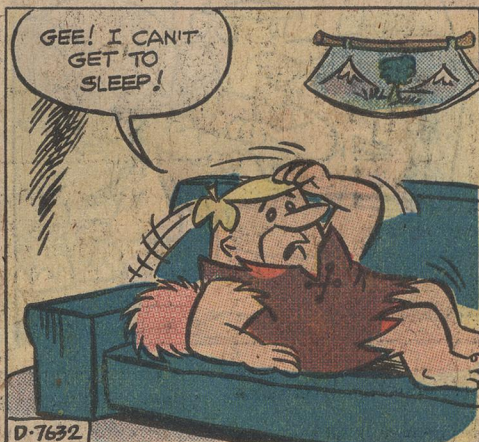
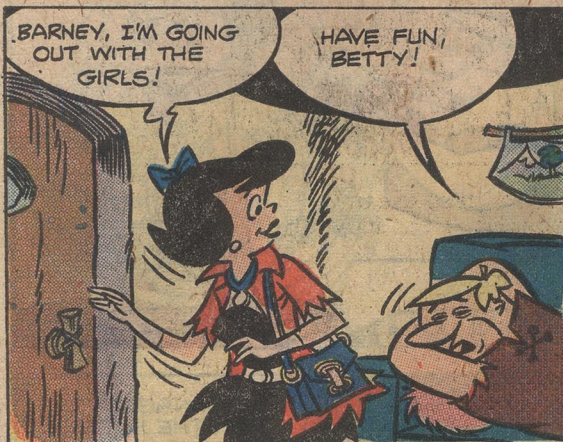
## RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera Production





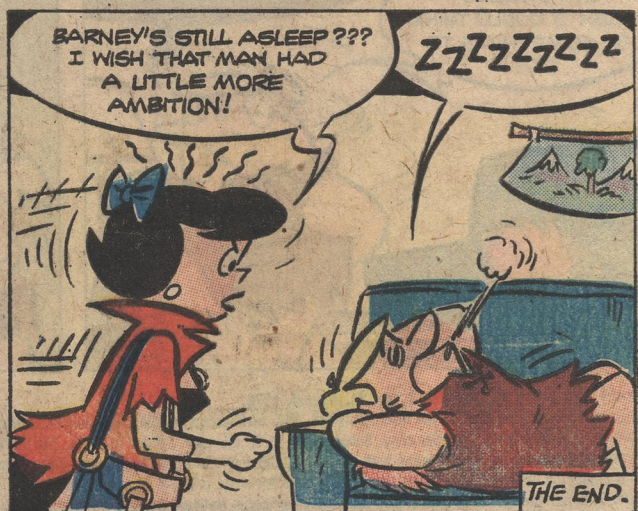
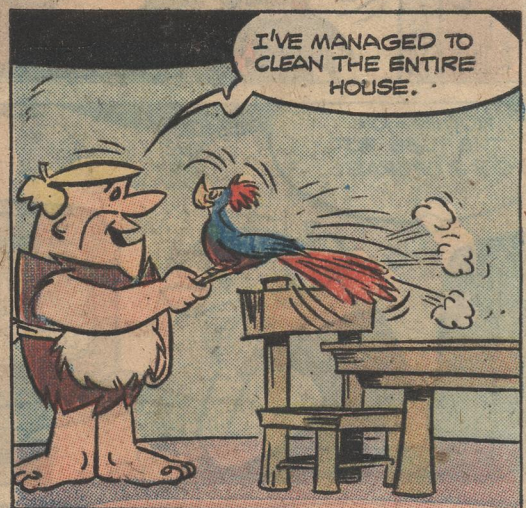
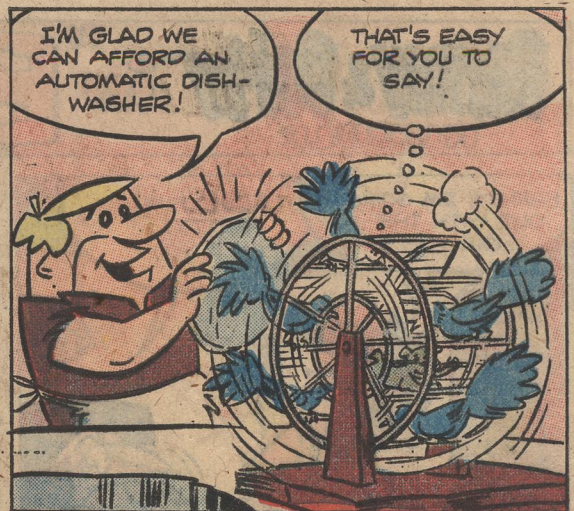
# Barney & Betty in "BOREDOM BLUES" RUBBLE



BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 4, No. 21, August, 1976.

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# Barney & Betty

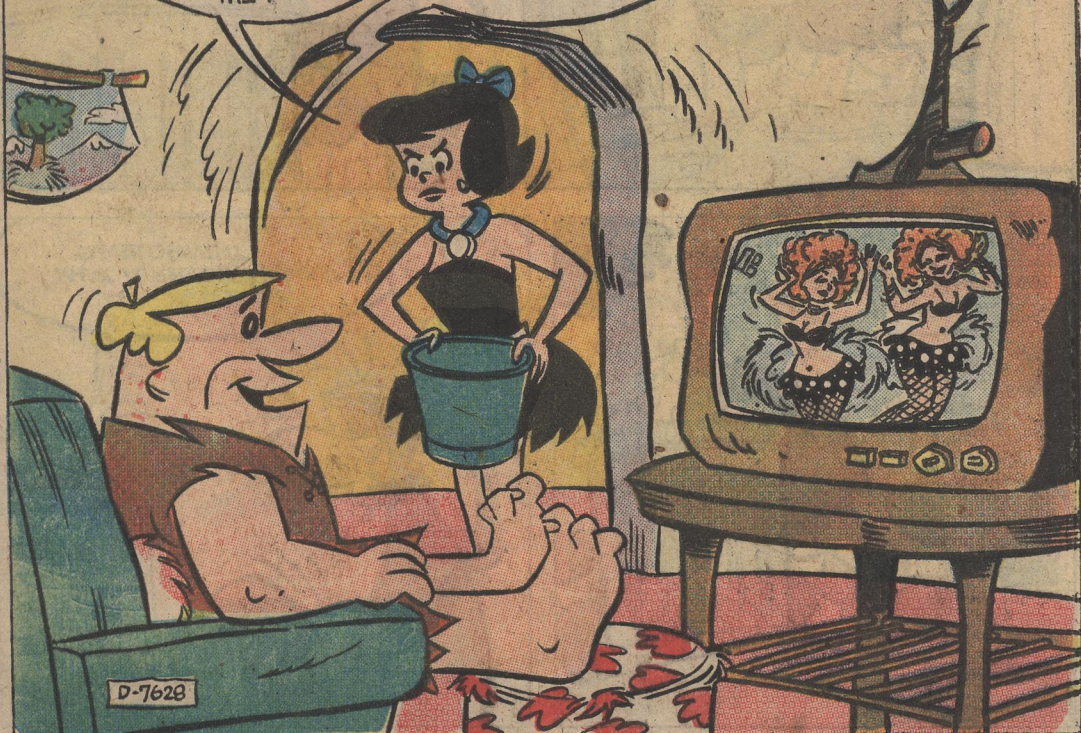
RUBBLE

## GARBAGE CAN CAPER



BARNEY, COULD YOU  
TAKE OUT THE  
GARBAGE FOR  
ME?

I'D RATHER  
TAKE OUT ANN  
MARGROCK!



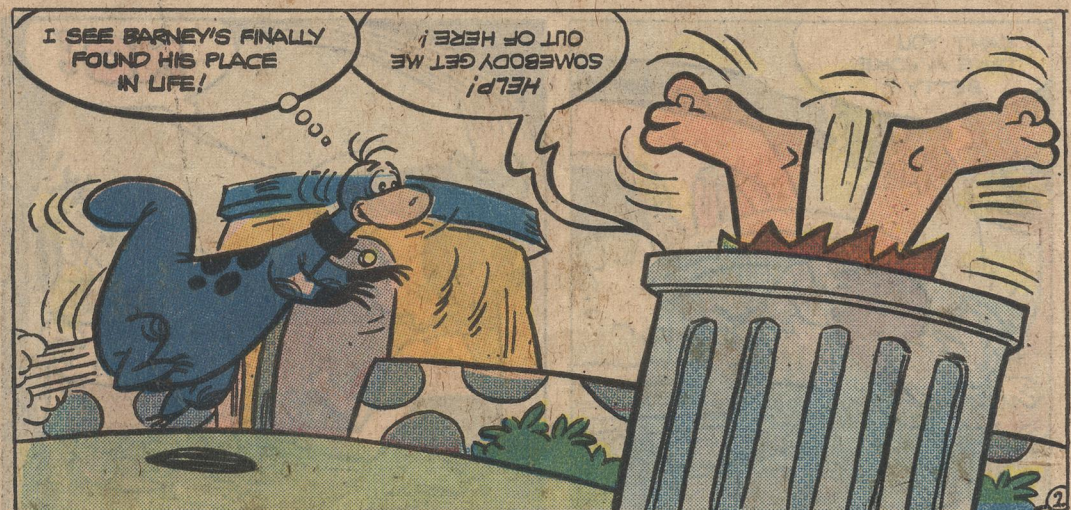
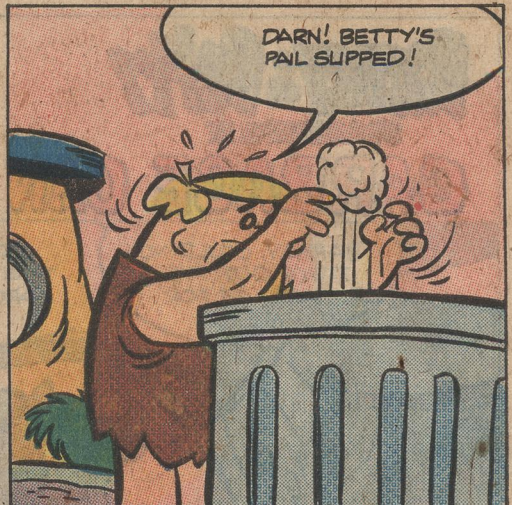
CAN'T YOU  
TAKE A JOKE,  
BETTY?



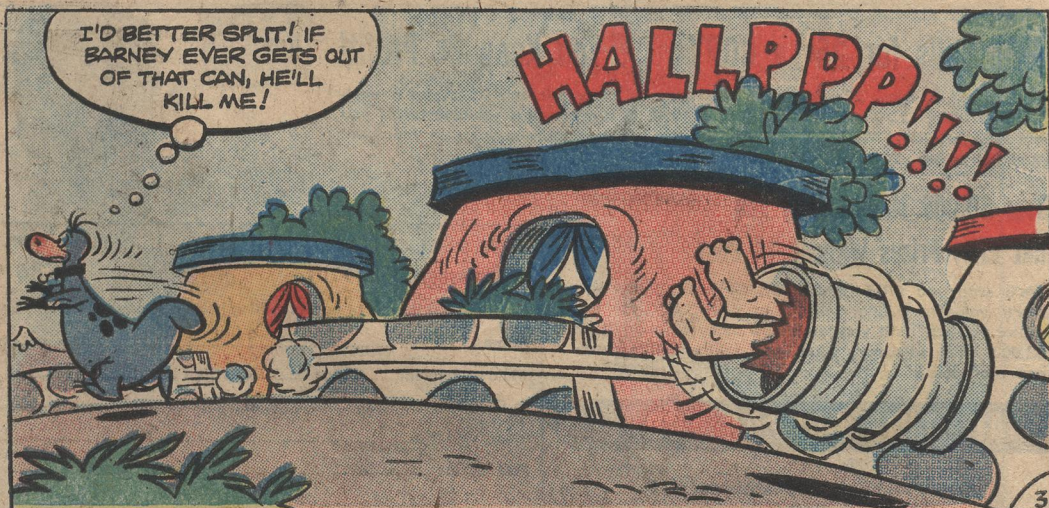
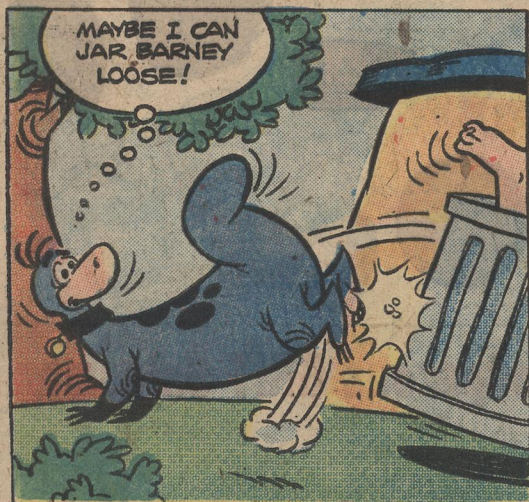
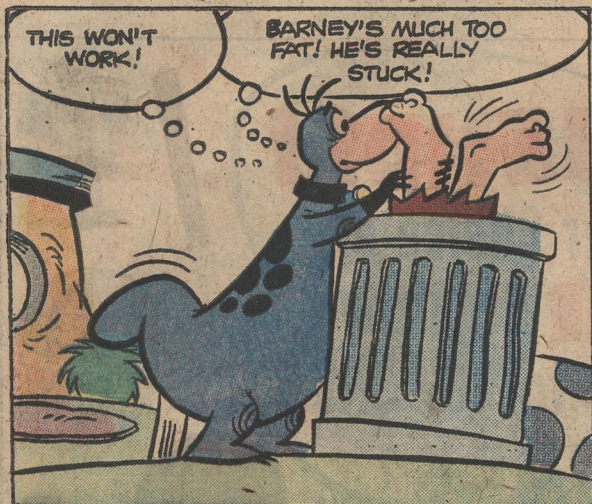
NO!



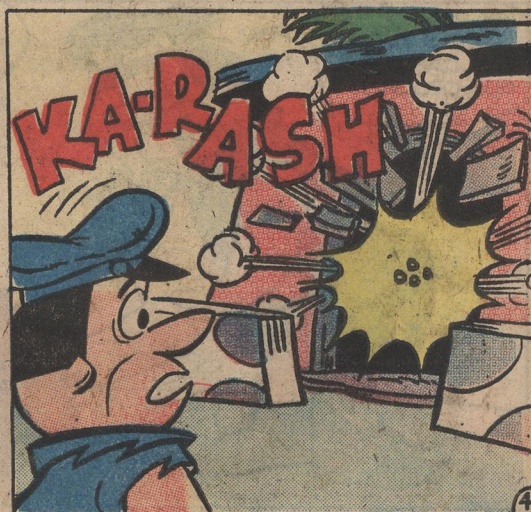
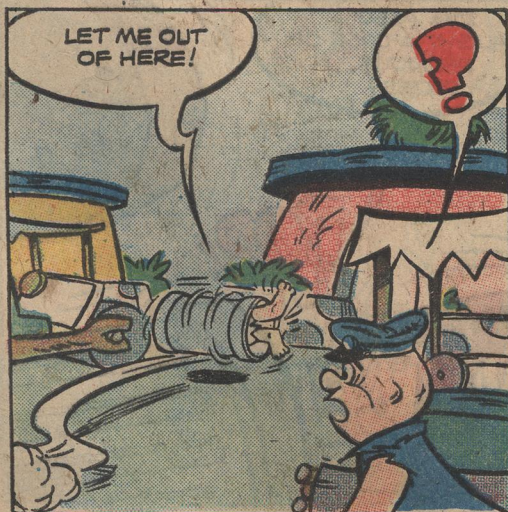




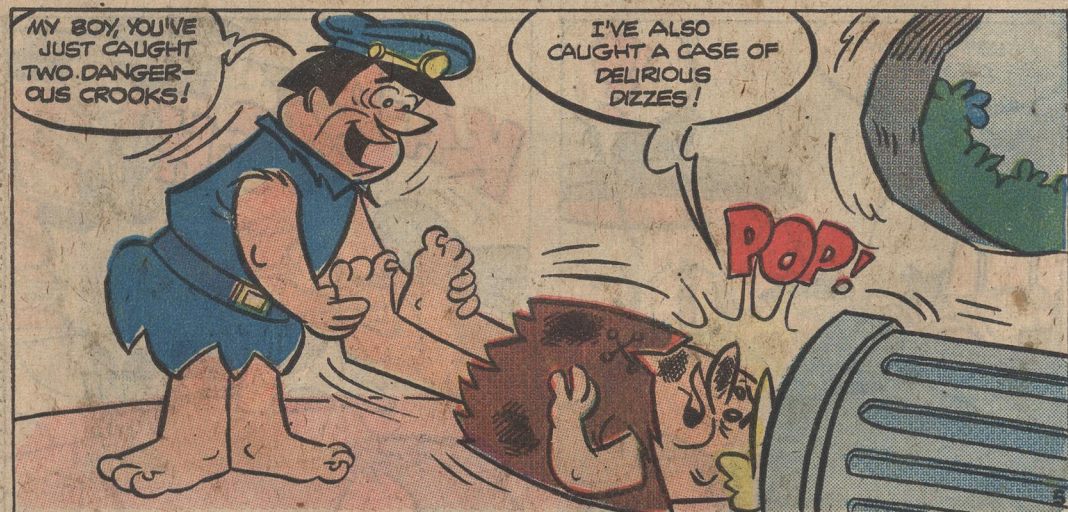
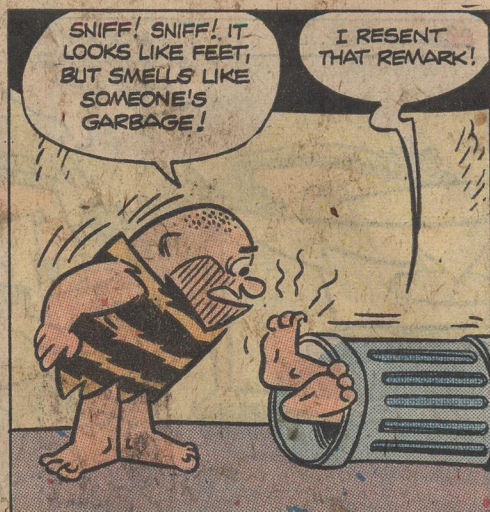




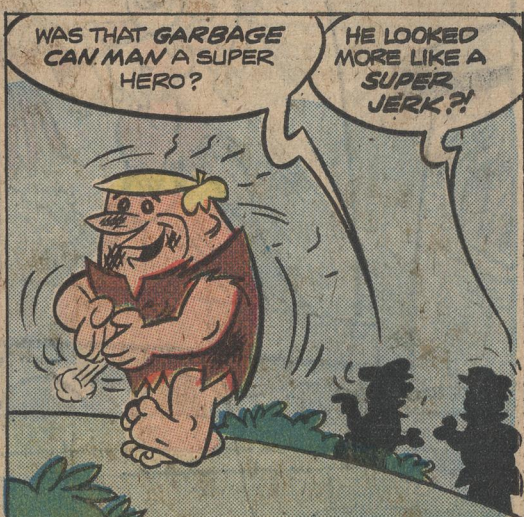






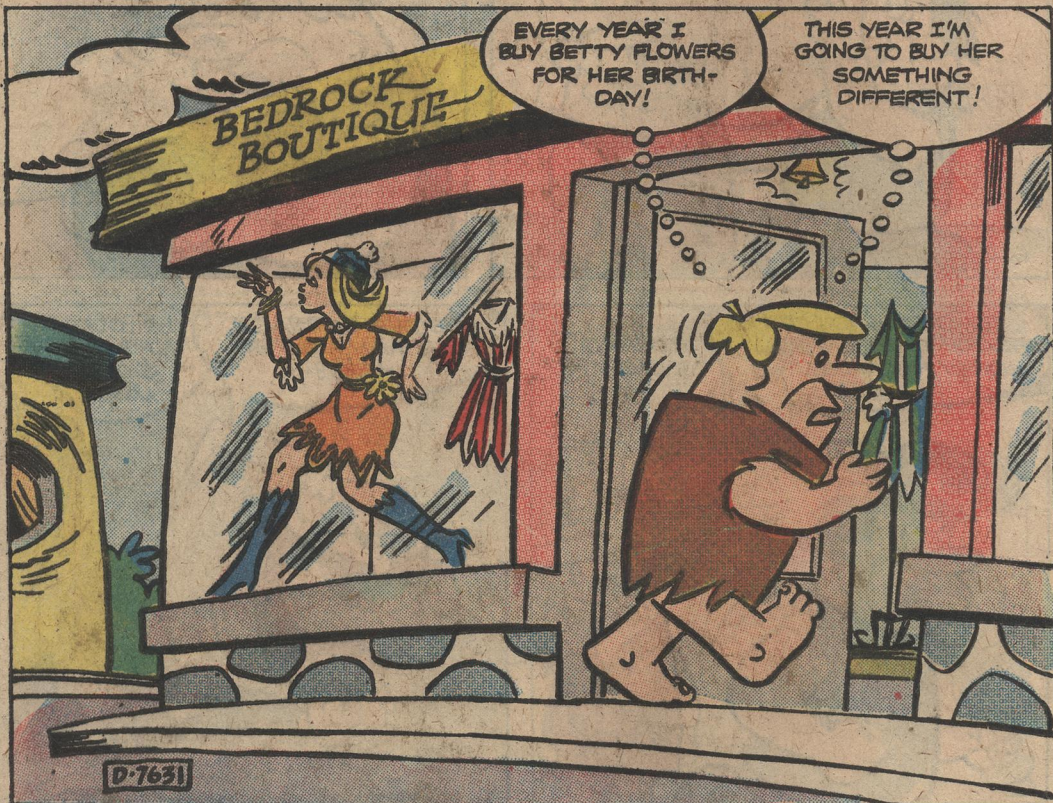




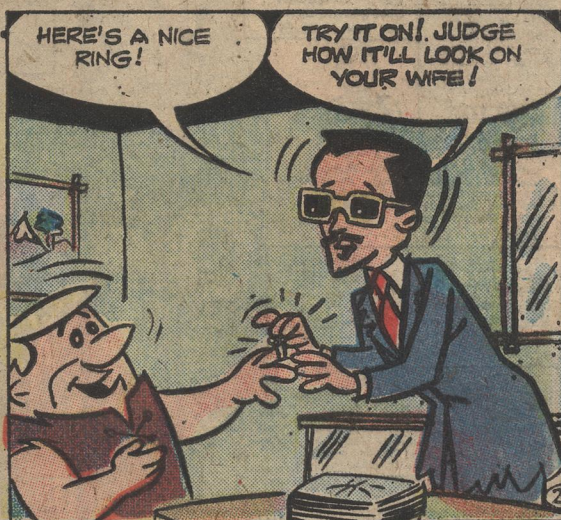
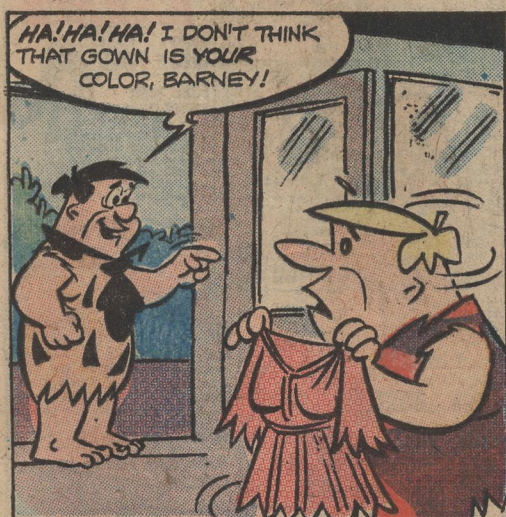




# Barney & Betty RUBBLE PRESENT PROBLEMS

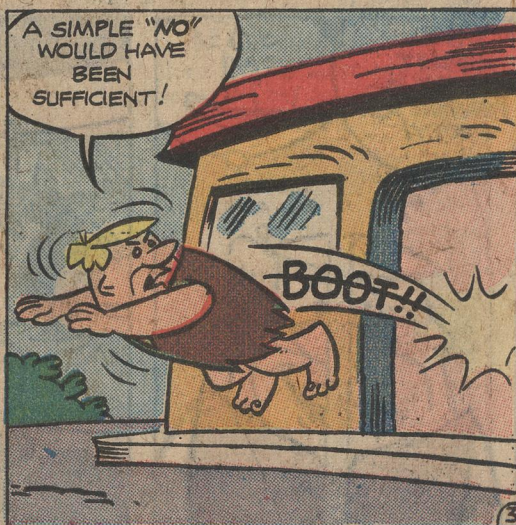
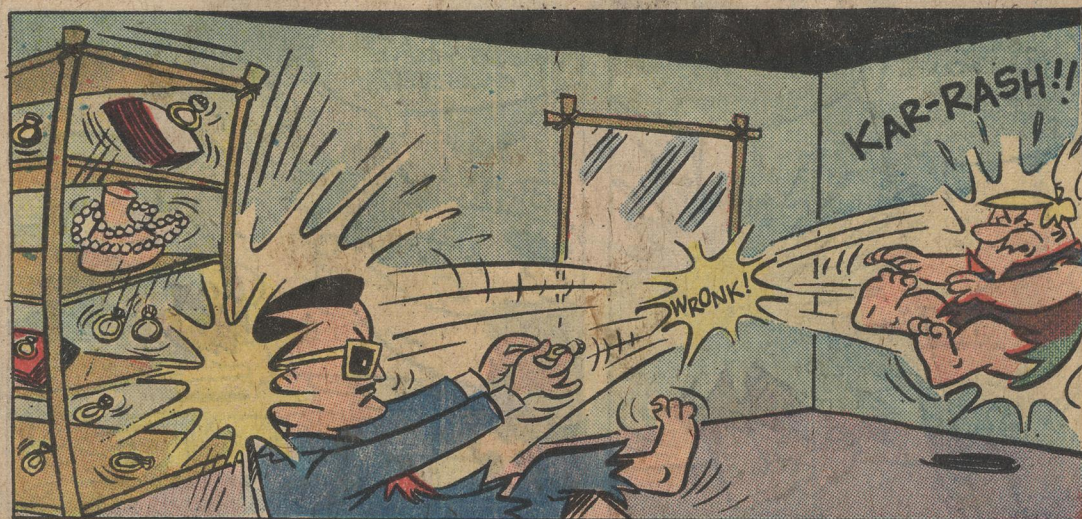




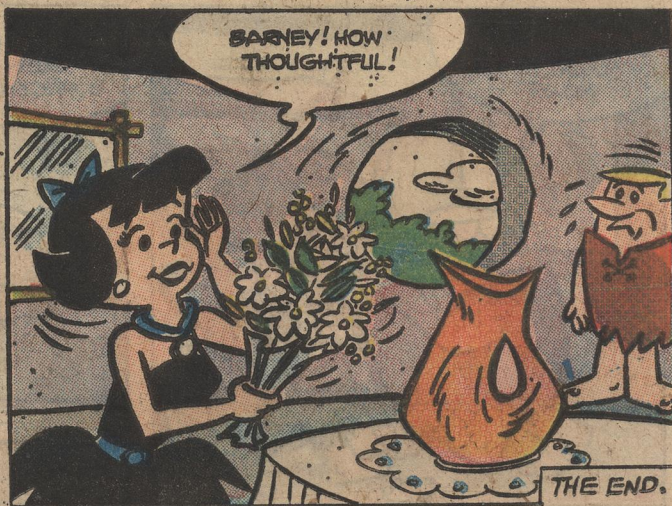
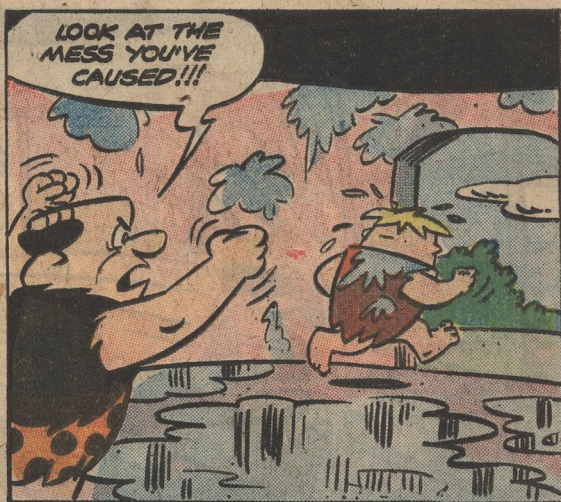


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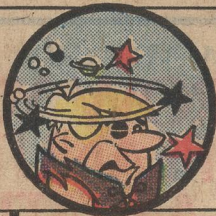




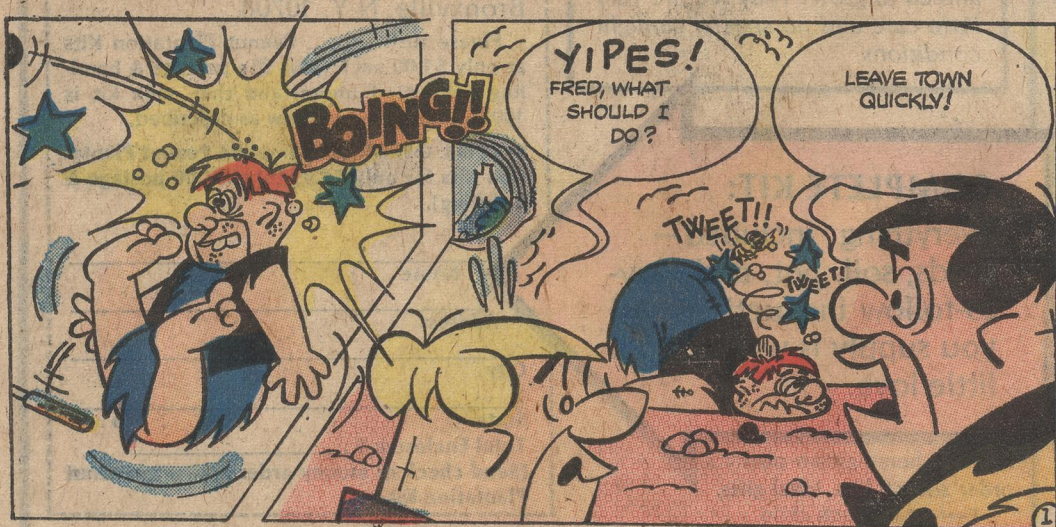
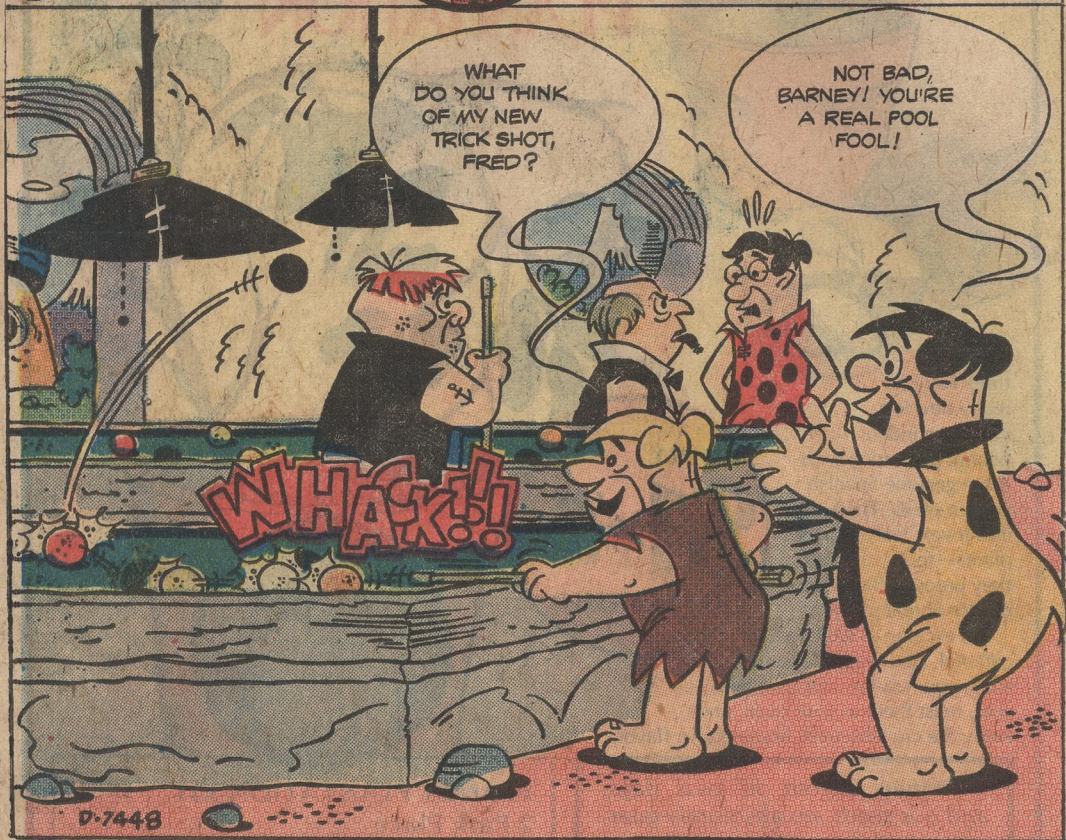




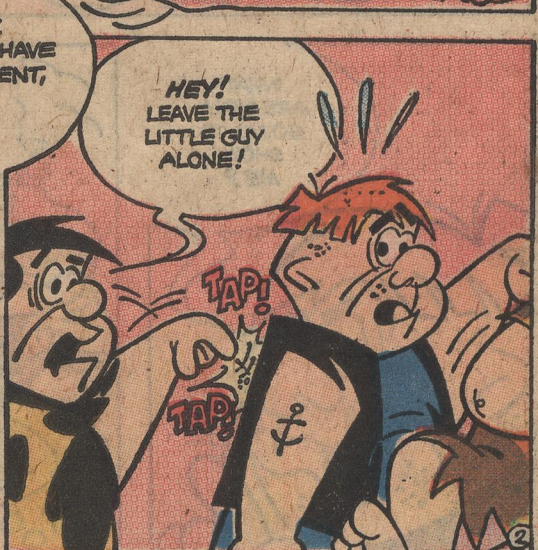
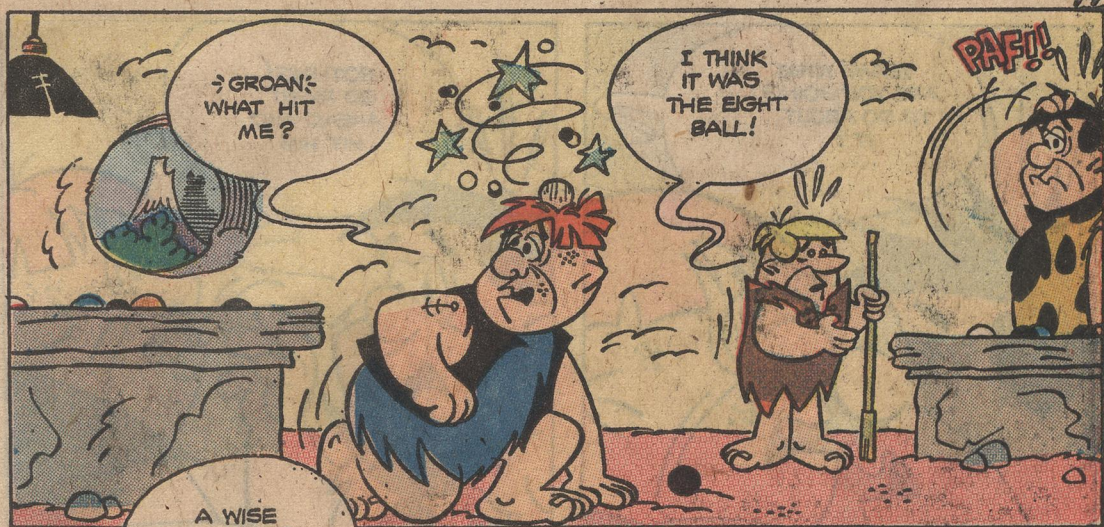
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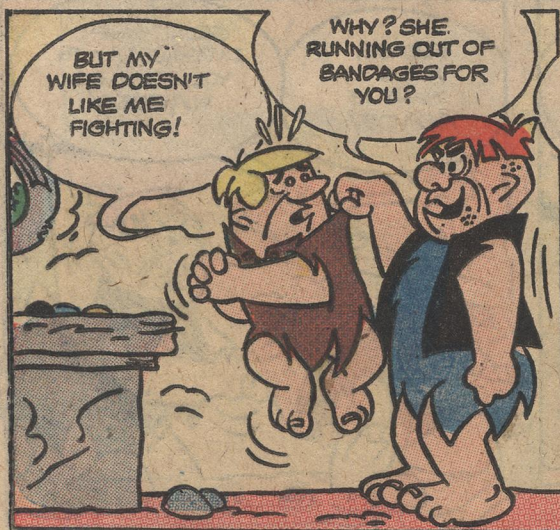
**Barney & Betty**  
**RUBBLE**









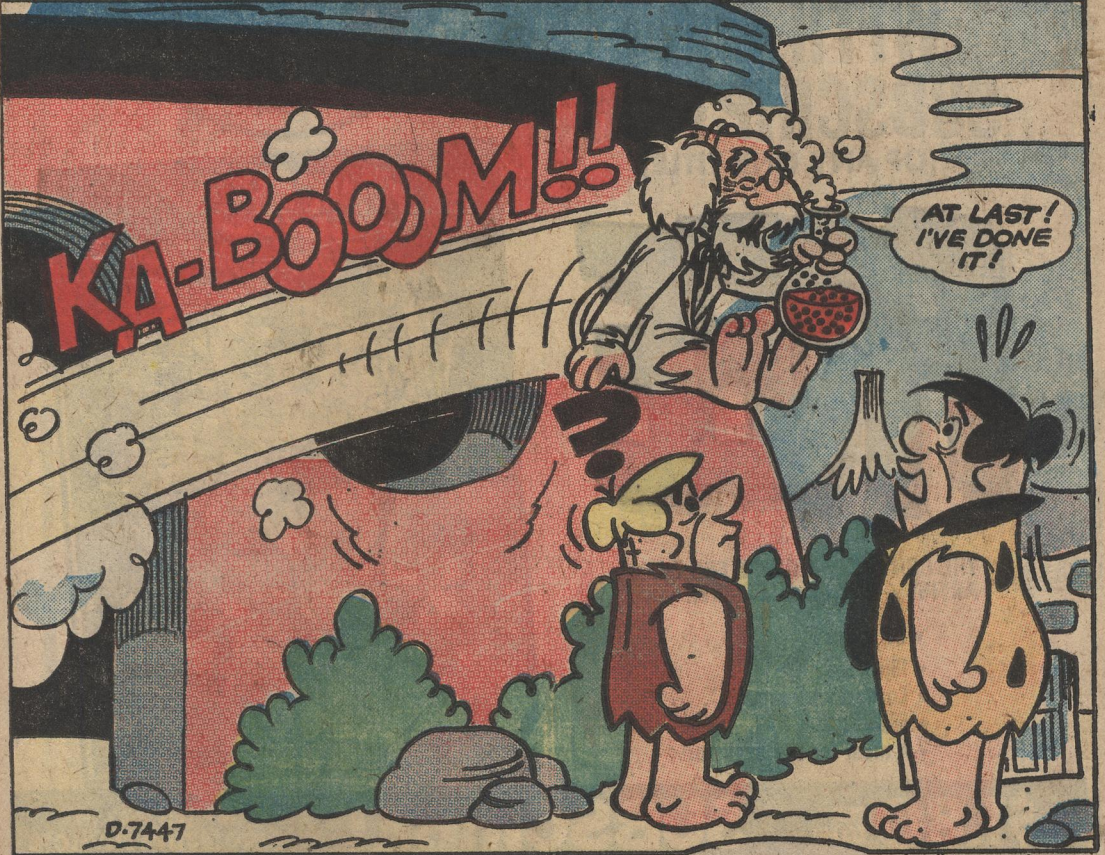




# Barney & Betty RUBBLE



# FUEL FOOL

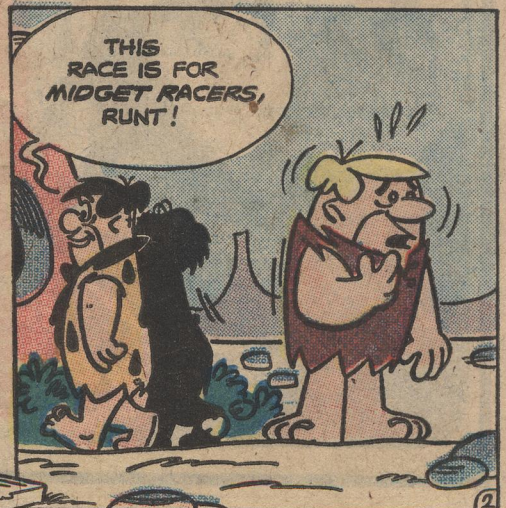
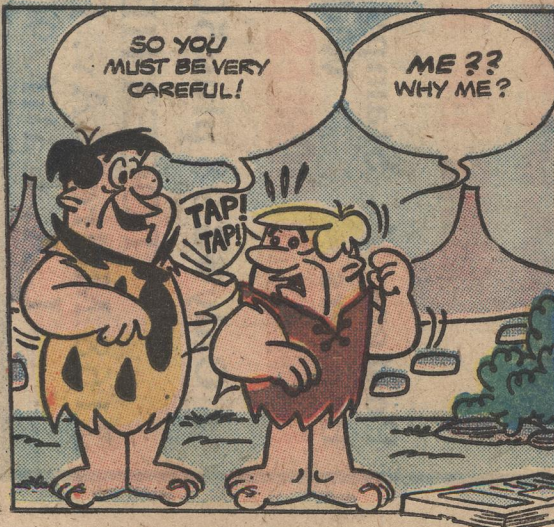
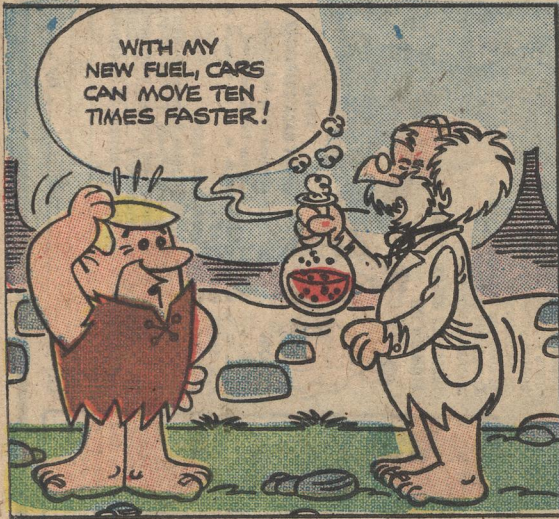


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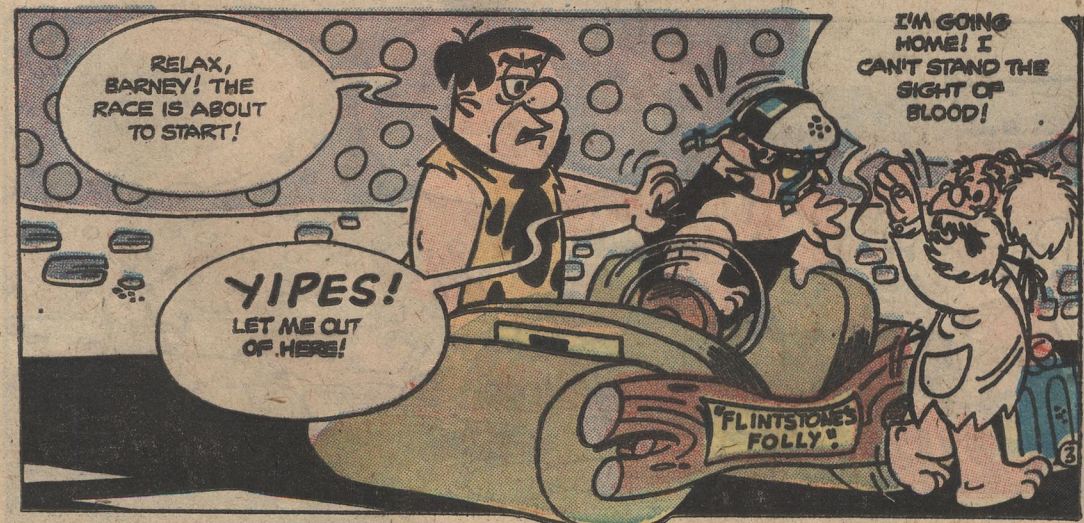


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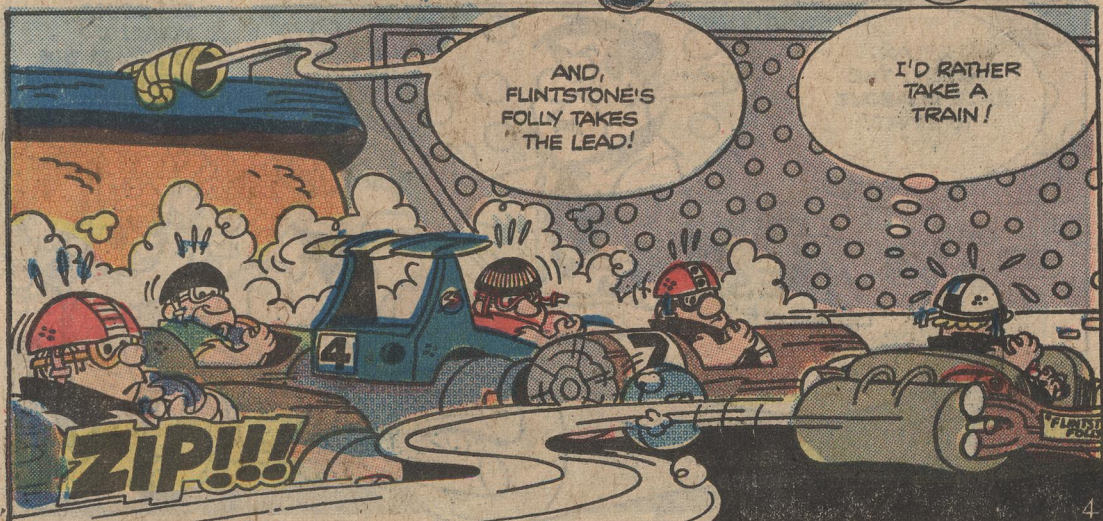
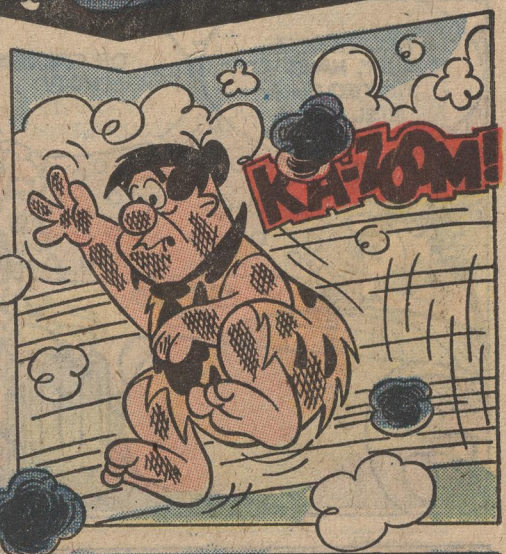
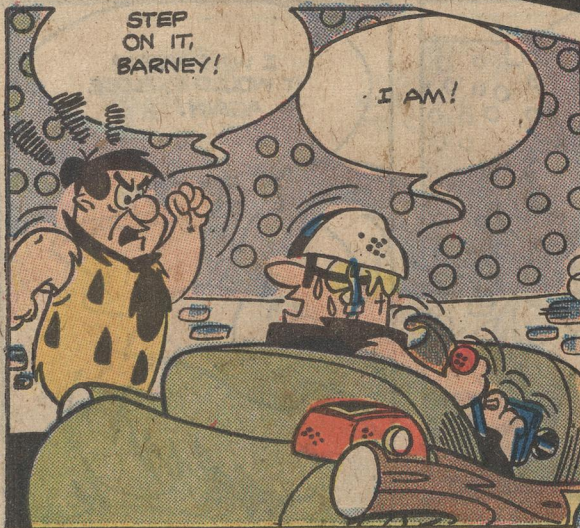
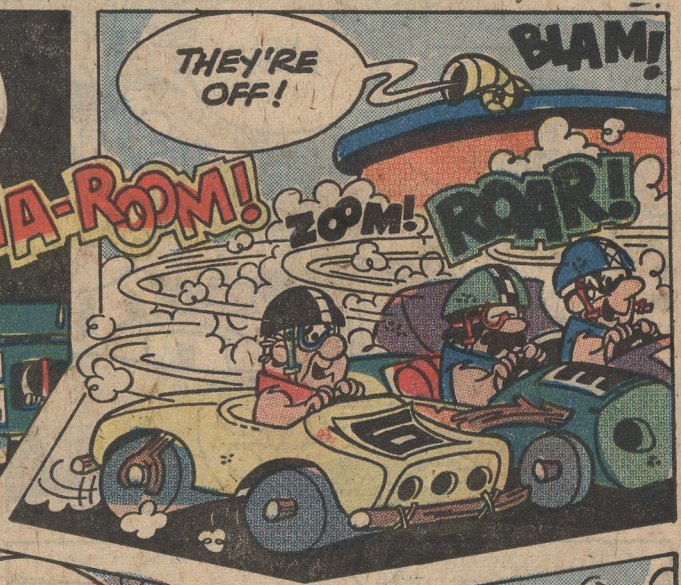
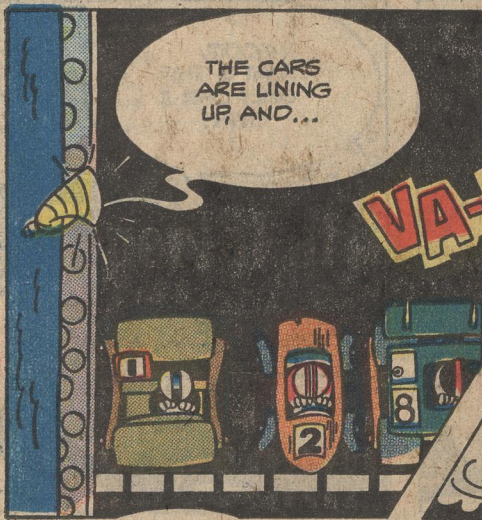




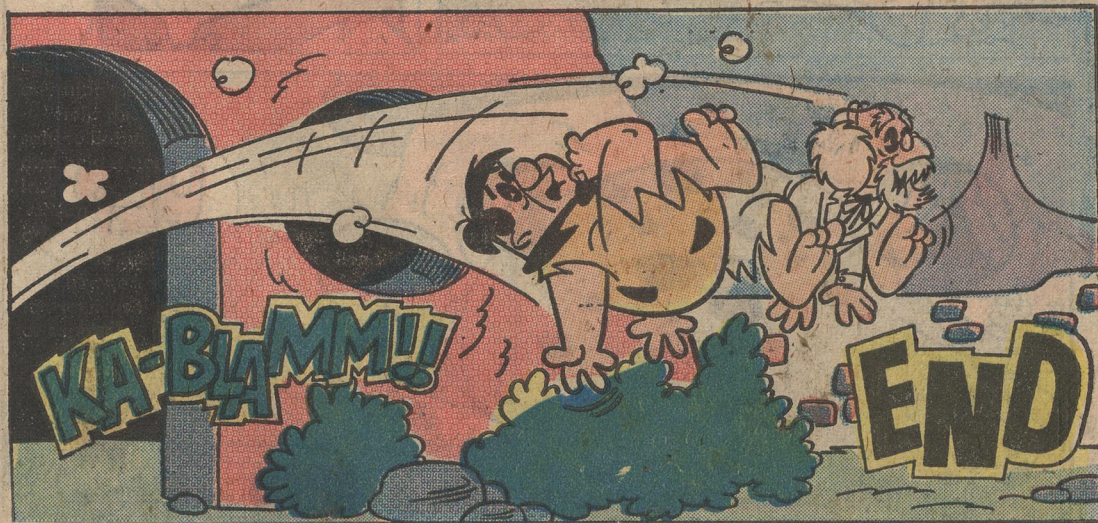
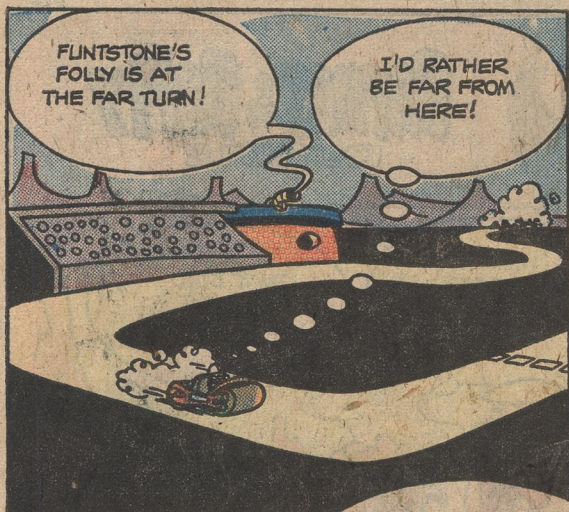






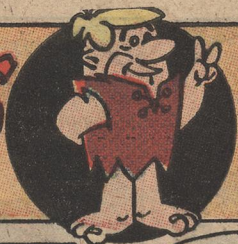




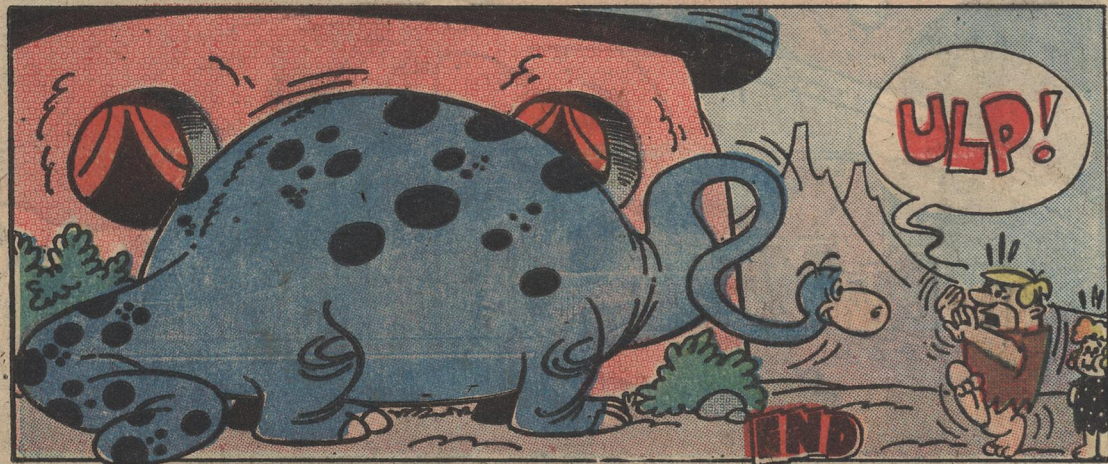
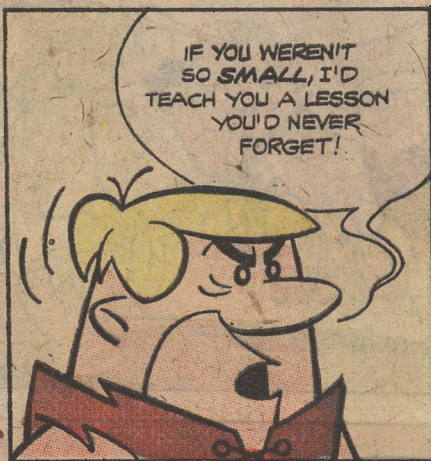




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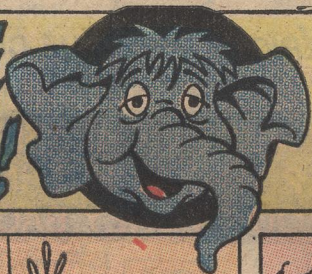


## Barney & Betty RUBBLE

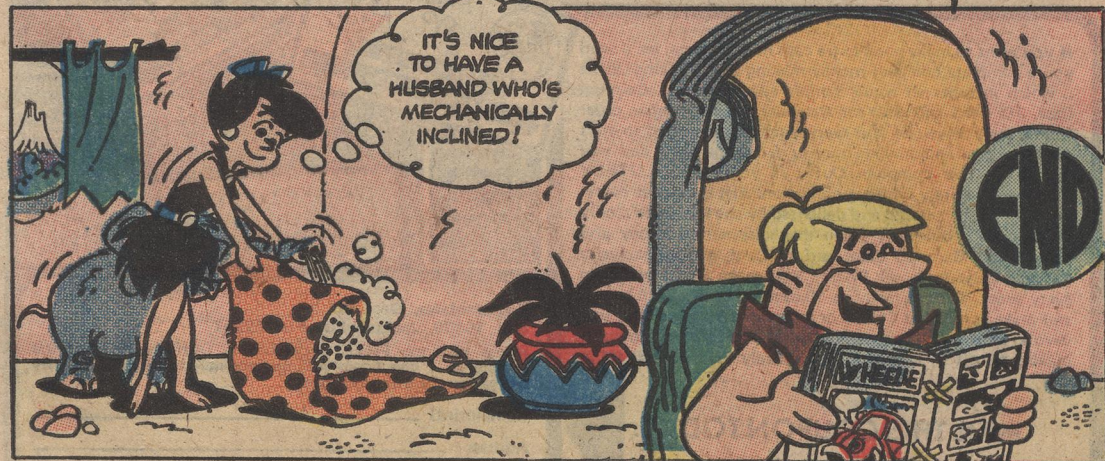
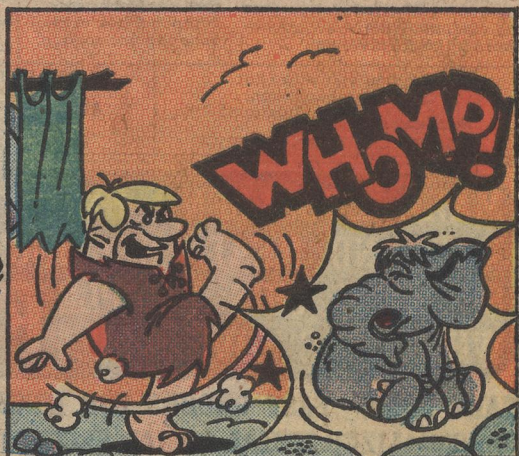
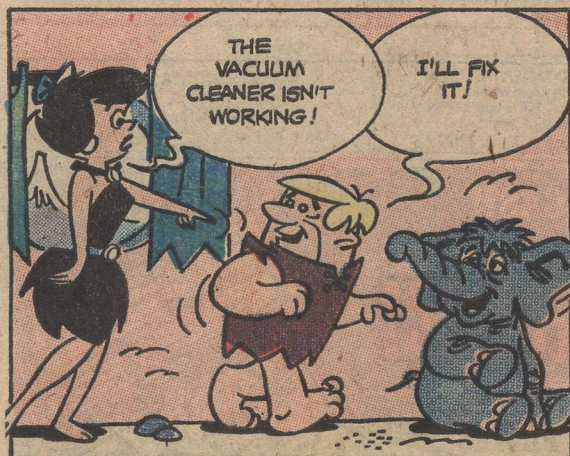
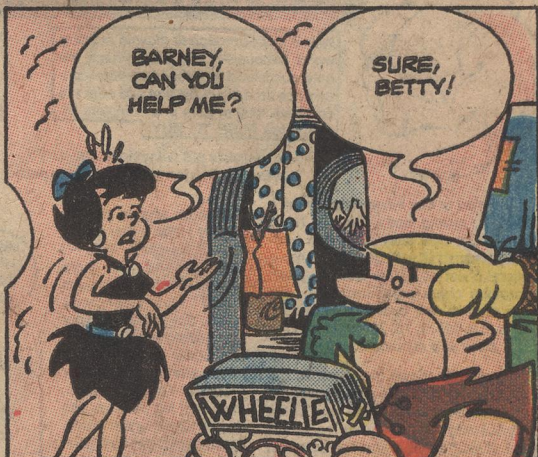
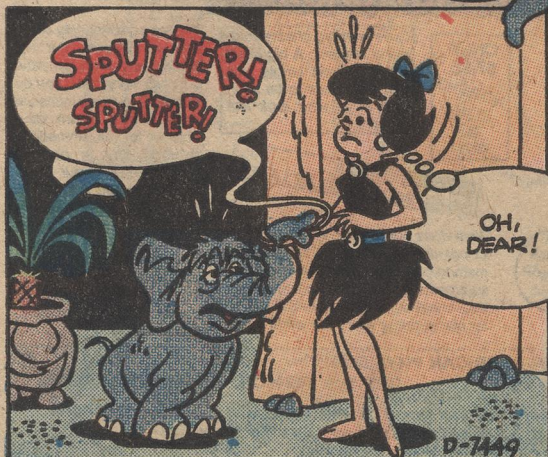




# MACHINE MASTER!



## Barney & Betty RUBBLE





# THE MAN OF THE HOUSE



Barney, Betty and baby Bamm Bamm Rubble were on a camping expedition. Barney had planned to go camping for months and months before his vacation began. Now, that it was finally here, he didn't want anything to ruin it.

"Hold this tent peg while I hammer it in," Barney said to Betty. Betty took the peg out of Barney's hand and held it near the ground so Barney could pound it in.

"Are you sure you know how to put up a tent?" asked Betty as her husband unfolded the canvas that would be their home for the weekend. Barney didn't look like he knew what he was doing. The truth of the matter was that he didn't know anything about tents or camping.

"Of course, I know what I'm doing," answered Barney as he untangled the tent ropes. "I'm the man of the house — not some stupid dum-dum! I'll take care of everything. I'm in charge! I can take care of my family. I'm the man of the house," he repeated.

An hour later, Betty was still waiting for Barney to pound in the first, tent peg. He had tangled up the ropes so badly that he looked like he was caught in a spider's web. "Barney, I'm getting tired of holding this peg! Will you please hammer it in — right now!" Betty said.

"Okay, Betty, a good camper untangles the ropes before he hammers in the pegs, but I'll make an exception for you," he answered. Barney tossed aside the tangled up mess of rope and canvas. He'd straighten it



all out later. Right now, he had to find the hammer.

Baby Bamm Bamm crawled over to the tent that Barney had fixed. It was a wrinkled, knotted up mess. He started to play with it. Before long, he'd untied every knot and smoothed out every wrinkle. When Barney came back with the hammer, Bamm Bamm had the tent all straightened out and ready to be pitched.

"Nice work, son," complimented Barney when he saw what Bamm Bamm had done. "After the man of the house gets these pegs hammered in, he'll show you how to pitch that tent just like an expert."

"Now, be careful," warned Betty as Barney aimed at the peg and prepared to hammer it in.

"Stop worrying! I'm the man of the house," boasted Barney as he swung the hammer downwards as hard as he could. He missed the peg and smashed his big



toe! "Yeow! That smarts!" he screamed as he grabbed his aching foot and hopped off toward the brook.

While Barney was soaking his bruised toe, Bamm Bamm used his club to drive the tent pegs into the ground. It only took one swing of Bamm Bamm's mighty club to pound each peg into the dirt. When Barney came back, the tent was up.



**BAM BAM**



"Come on, Bamm Bamm," said Barney as he picked up his fishing pole. "The man of the house is going to catch a big, fat fish to fry for supper." Betty just laughed and shook her head as Barney and Bamm Bamm walked over to the brook to go fishing.

Barney tried every kind of bait in the world, but he couldn't catch a single minnow. Plenty of big fish swam around his bait, but none of them dared to snap at the hook. The fish were just too smart. It looked as if the Rubbles would go hungry.

"Bamm Bamm!" shouted little Bamm Bamm when he saw a huge, rock trout swim near Barney's bait. The littlest Rubble raised his club and whacked the surface



of the water with it. There was a loud "splash" and the rock trout was knocked right out of the brook and up into Barney's outstretched arms. Now, they would have plenty to eat.

"I told you the man of the house would provide for his family," bragged Barney when he returned to the campsite. He held up the huge, rock trout by its tail. Betty was impressed even though she suspected that Barney had a little help from Bamm Bamm. She took the fish and started to cook it.

A hungry saber-toothed tiger smelled the fish Betty was frying. It smelled delicious. The big cat followed the wonderful aroma right into the Rubbles' camp.

"Do something, Barney! You're the man of the house," said Betty as she pointed at the tiger. Barney was too frightened to move. He just stood there as the cat roared.

"BAMM BAMM!" shouted Bamm Bamm as he clobbered the cat with his club. The frightened tiger scampered away.

"Now, the man of the house will sit at the head of the table," said Barney when the fish was cooked. He picked up Bamm Bamm and put him at the head of the table. Betty laughed. Barney smiled and Bamm Bamm shouted: "BAMM BAMM!"